

Wanna Play With Me?

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Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-05-29 02:19:25

Updated: 2012-05-29 02:19:25

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:04:00

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 916

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Micheal has broken from the asylum and is after his sister, but he's brought a friend with him.

Wanna Play With Me?

So many have read my stories and favorited, alert, and reviewed my story and account. All of you who have read my stories have read some of my sad stories, hopeful stories, sexy stories, but I'm taking this story to a whole new level. Where the character is always at the edge and readily willing to go off the deep end.:) enjoy.

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><p>"Allison." The psychologist said." Allison, are you paying attention?"<p>

Allison boredly looked up at the newest member on her shitlist.

"Good." the woman said." Now I'm going to give you another Rorshach test. Please be more cooperative."

Allison wet her lips and pulled a little on her restraints. Her wrists were strapped to the arms of the chair and her ankles to the front legs. She sighed and reluctantly look at the woman in front of her.

>She held up a square paper with an ink blot picture.<p>

"What do you see?"

"An ink blot." Allison answered after a minute.

"Are you telling the truth?" she asked.

Allison narrowed her eyes.

"Do you think I'm lying?" She asked.

>"Yes, I do Allison."<p>

Allison smiled lightly.

"Now why would think that?" Her head tilted.

"I've read your reports, Allison."

"Uh-oh." Allison sang.

"Allison, I'm serious. I want you to tell me what this makes you think of." She held up the paper again.

>Allison stared intently at the image and closed her eyes.<p>

"Think back to that night. Your hiding in the closet where you were found. Your watching your mother and father fight. They trade remarks." The woman watched as Allison, with eyes still closed, rolled her head around twice and opened her eyes to look at the woman." your father hits your mother..."

Little scenes from that night trickle from Allison's subconscious and she began to remember.

"Your mother is on the floor. Where you're father starts beating her. Do you remember?"

In an instant, Allison started shrieking. Security was called in to restrain the girl who had gotten one hand free and was pulling furiously at her hair and flailing her other limbs as hard as she could.

"I'll kill you!" She screamed." I'll fucking kill you!"

With a hand over her heart, the woman watched as the girl was given a shot and was pulled away.

>"To think a girl like Allison could be broken the way she was...it's horrid." The psychologist said to the Dr. who ran in to help<p>

"What do you expect from someone who watched her mother get murdered?" He replied as they walked." By her own father, no less."

The two guards carried her back to her room where she was layed on her bed. The stuff in the needle never calmed her down, just took most of her mobility from her muscles.

Yes, it was true. She had witnessed her mother beaten to death by her father. Enraged she grabbed the metal baseball bat from the closet she was hiding in and had nearly killed him. Nothing anyone could say would make her forgive him or apologize for nearly taking his life. They had just now convicted him after a year of him saying she had done it.

Allison wasn't crazy, just mad. She was put in the asylum because everyone thought she was insane. She wanted out of there so bad it hurt. Before her dad was convicted, this place was the only thing keeping her safe from him. She knew that he would welcome her back with one open arm and the other holding a knife behind his back if

she ever gave up this facade and acted like she was making progress.

>Sometimes though, she would really believe she might really be insane. But she thought she was too smart for that.<p>

"Academially she is excellent." the Psycologist said, still walking with the Dr." I would actually suggest you have her I.Q. Tested if possible. "

"Of course, Mrs. Evans." the Dr. replied.

"Having said that, I don't know if she can function out in the world just yet. From what I can tell certain things set her off and there are so many things out there that could spark a memory and send her into a episode."

"We will keep an eye on her behavior and try maybe taking her to a rehab once she's calmed down from her recent outbursts." He assured.

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After a nap, they let Allison roam around the courtyard. When she got bored she snuck into someone else's cell. His name was Micheal. She knew all about him and admired his silence. She would sit on his bed and watch him make his masks and keep to himself. Sometimes she would hum and get a little nod from him, showing he enjoyed her company.

She didn't talk or inturrupt him, just hummed told him goodbye or goodnight and left to her cell-like room next to his. She dreaded the night time. That's when the new night gaurd would come with his friends.

I pulled out the knitting needle that no one cared to notice I took from the crafts room.I'd be ready for them this time. Let's see how much damage I can do with this.

* * *

><p>I know this is short but I don't particularly know how I want to play this out just yet. So please review and tell me your thoughts.

TheSpazChik

End
file.